



33

Faire fall all good Tokens.

OR,

A pleasant new Song not common to be had,
Which will teach you to know good tokens from bad.

To a pleasant new tune.



To you that haue bad tokens,
this matter I trowght,
Yet nothing shall be spoken,
that shall your minds afright:
Be silent therefore and stand still,
marke what proceedeth from my Quill:
I speake of tokens good and ill,
and such as are not right.

But first I haue you understand,
before that I doe passe,
That there are many tokens
which are not made of brasse,
It is a token of my lone,
that I to you this matter moue;
For many tokens bad doe proue,
we see in euery place.

Yet by all signes and tokens,
as I may iudge or thinke,
The man that hath lost both his eyes,
he cannot chuse but winke;
But some will winke when they may see,
but that is nothing vnto me:
Some shut their eyes to haue a see,
which are in lone with chinke.

He that hath gain'd much siluer,
and doth possesse much gold,
It's a token that he shall be rich,
if he his substance hold:
But he that hath but little store,
and spendeth all and something more,
It's a token that he shall dye poore,
to say't you may be hold.

He that is a very scold,
and wisdom he doth despise,
It's a token that he shall be old
if he liue till he be wise:
And he that hath great store of wit,
and maketh no right vse of it,
It's a token that he is unfit
in honour to arise.

But this is a bad token,
marke well what I shall say:
When a young man hath a handsome wife
and lets her run astray,
It is a token she will be caught,
and quickly vnto lecherye brought,
If that she be no better taught,
she'll bring him to decay.



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The second part, ^{As} To the same tune.



He that hath a fiery nose,
which looks like Claret red;
It's a token then he doth consume
in drinke more then in bread:
For if his nose be fiery hot,
it's a token that he loves the pot:
He hates small drinke and loves it not,
he hath not so viene fed.

Then faire fall all good tokens,
now it comes into mind:
Parke which way sits the weather-cocke,
and that way blowes the wind:
Parke which way rowles a wantons eye,
and something you may see thereby;
Or if you please then you may trie,
and so the truth may finde.

He that hath liu'd in wickednesse,
and doth in vice remaine,
It is a token he hath no care
to free his soule from paine:
When Conscience doth on Crutches creepe
it's a token Truth is lulls asleepe,
Which makes poore men in dangers deepe
to call and cry in vaine.

But this is a token of a truth,
which doth betoken ill:
An angry wife will woake much woe,
but shee will haue her will:

For if the chance to bend her browe,
or seeme to looke I know not how
It's a token she will scold I know,
her tongue will not lye still.

But this is a true token,
then marke my word aright:
When Sol is setting in the West
the world will lose her light.
So when an old mans head growes gray,
he may thinke on his dying day:
For to the graue he must away
and bid the world good night.

He that hath a wandring eye,
and loves lewd women deare,
It's a token that heele proue a knave:
But Ile tell you in your eare
For sure you neuer saw the like
a Soldier lones to tolle a pike:
The Capter daries but dares not strike
which doth betoken feare.

Then faire fall all good tokens
and well fare a good heart:
For by all signes and tokens
tis time for to depart:
And now it's time to end my song
I hope I haue done no man wrong:
For he that cannot rule his tongue
shall feele a greater smart.

FINIS

Printed at London for Henry Gosson.